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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLV. CHICAGO, MARCH 8, 1900. NUMBER 2

Only such books are advertised on this page as the editors take pleasure in commending to UNITY readers.

Liberty in the Nineteenth Century

By FREDERIC MAY HOLLAND,

Author of "Studies from Browning," "The Rise of Intellectual Liberty," "Frederick Douglas," etc., etc.

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II. Fruits of Peace.
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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK, PUBLISHERS.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT IT.

A book of charm and power. It has the strength of simplicity and the sweetness of sincerity. It is fitted to brighten and better human life.—HENRY VAN DYKE, *Professor of Literature, Princeton University.*

It is just the sort of book that I enjoy, a real rest to me. It takes one away from the noise-ridden city and into the waysides, where we all ought to live for at least nine months of the year. I have a passion for out-of-door books; it is through their pages that I take my vacation.—JEANNETTE L. GILDER, *Joint Editor of the Critic, New York.*

It shows a fine insight into the heart of things, a felicity that is rare.—ELBERT HUBBARD.

I has already proven a vacation to me. I have dined on herbs, taken care not to rob the bird's nest of anything but sweet thoughts, while I have been led to the uplands of the spirit by a brotherly hand.—F. W. GUNSAULUS, *President Armour Institute, Chicago.*

It is a book without a morbid note, without a sneer of cynicism. It has an abundance of those qualities which Sabatier has told us the world connects with the character of Christ, "optimism without frivolity, seriousness without despair.—F. E. DEWHURST, *in Indianapolis Evening News.*

I read it two hours without a break and am refreshed in spirit and purpose.—W. D. HOARD, *Ex-Governor of Wisconsin.*

I find more religion than theology in this book, which fact is very gratifying to me.—A. H. LEWIS, D.D., *Editor of the Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.*

Mr. Jones' name may be added to the authors of "Black Beauty," "Beautiful Joe," "Loveliness," as showing tenderest sympathy with dumb creatures, but "Jess" is far more than a

These papers teach religion from an observation of country scenery, doing so in a manner always interesting and often eloquent.—SCOTSMAN, *Edinburgh.*

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UNITY

VOLUME XLV. THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1900. NUMBER 2

No better psychological evidence that one has outgrown the exuberant self consciousness of youth can be offered than a forgetfulness of birthdays. This evidence of maturity UNITY has to its humility offered to its readers. Last week it was so absorbed with the work in hand that it forgot that its date was the first of March which marks the twenty-second anniversary of UNITY. So our readers who preserve their files, will do well to change the volume number on the left of the title page to XLV. and the serial number on the right of the title page to No. 1 instead of No. 27. Such things have happened before in the story of UNITY and may happen again. Meanwhile UNITY keeps right on. It is not conscious of any difference in feeling, purpose or strength at this the beginning of its twenty-third year than that which characterized it at the close of the twenty-second year. Nothing daunted UNITY keeps at it doing the next thing, serving the truth as it sees it, aiming to justify its existence in each issue by the contents of that issue, doing each day's work in such a way that the next day's work will be justified by the better work made possible. George Eliot has said that the "best reward for doing one good deed is the added power of doing another." The Editors of UNITY hereby return thanks to the friends who have sustained them and in that strength solicit further co-operation. Among our editorial contributors will be found for the first time the names of John Faville, Frederick E. Dewhurst and Granville R. Pike, though they are no new contributors to UNITY. Their names and their words are familiar. It is but the recognition of a relation that has previously existed. The opportunity for serving UNITY on the part of each of them is increasing and their interest and willingness are far in advance of their opportunity.

The Times-Herald of Chicago, which heretofore has been an unswerving and unqualified and, as it seemed to some minds, blind advocate of President McKinley in all positions and in every exigency, has seemed to come to an independency that is refreshing and to an open vision that is encouraging. In recent issues of the paper it has given prominence to editorial protest against the weakening of President McKinley in the matter of Porto Rico. This it calls a "grievous blunder" and says: "If Congress and the President persist in their present course nothing can save the republican party from defeat next November," and it says further: "The country looks to President McKinley to rise to the full stature of a statesman who dares to acknowledge a mistake and undo a wrong. The only salvation for the republican party is through the gate that gives free trade to Porto Rico."

Chicago is in the midst of another labor war. An industrial war is preferable to that carried on with powder and ball, but still it is war, a clumsy clinching of brute forces which never can settle the claims of justice.

President Schurman is recorded as having said that he believes Aguinaldo to be an honest man and that many who "fought with him were animated by the highest ideals of loyalty to independence." Secretary of War Root says that "Aguinaldo was prompted by selfish ambition." Both are supporting the administration. Which is right?

City and State, the civic reform paper of Philadelphia, that takes for its motto "Commonwealth above Party," is a paper that ought to be widely circulated. Its managing editor, Herbert Welch, is a well-known leader of civil service reform and civic integrities generally. A paper living for a cause alone finds it hard enough to get along at best. Just now *City and State,* like UNITY, is called upon to pay the price for its anti-imperialistic attitude. We commend it to our readers.

The appearance of a "Series of Bible Lessons on Social Reforms," supplemental to the International Sunday School Lesson Series for 1900, is a significant sign of the times. These lesson papers are put out by the Social Reform Union; they are non-partisan and are prepared under the direction of W. D. P. Bliss, with office at No. 822 Association Building, Chicago. These lessons must be available to a large number of Bible classes that, while wishing in the main to keep in touch with the international work and workers, are sick of theological refinings and doctrinal disputations. The samples at hand promise well. They afford valuable grounds for discussion and leave plenty of room for diversity of opinion.

A correspondent criticises a recent note in UNITY that seemed to reflect on the inability of churches to do work at home and the consequent search for relief to conscience in "Settlement" work. Our confidence in our criticism is but strengthened by the correspondent's note. It is an assumption that in the more favored sections of Chicago there are no weak ones, wicked ones or lonely ones who need the support, sympathy, occupation and co-operation implied by the word "Settlement." The Settlements have proven not only that they are needed in the communities of which they are the center but they have proven the possibility of a work that is needed wherever human life gathers. And the Settlements themselves are already doing a large amount of good missionary work at arms length. It is probable that Hull House and the Chicago Commons are doing as much for Michigan avenue and the Lake Shore Drive as they are for Halsted and Union streets, in Chicago.

There is something sublime in the sight of Herbert Spencer working away in the eightieth year of his age, revising and improving his work. His "Principles of Biology" has just appeared in a revised and enlarged edition, having just received the last touches of the master's brain in which with a cautious hand he has taken up perhaps the most disputed point among evolutionists now, the question of inheritance, raised by Weismann and others. It is noble thus to work clear up to the stopping point. Not only is the perpetual youth of the philosopher demonstrated in this book but in the preface to Joaquin Miller's last book of songs entitled "Chants for the Boer," there appears a letter from Herbert Spencer, in which he ventures plain and earnest criticism of his government in this last manifestation of militarism. Here is this prophet of science teaching the lessons of magnanimity which too many pulpits seem to be incapable of in these days. Says Mr. Spencer: "I have always thought that nobleness is shown in treating tenderly those who are relatively feeble, and even sacrificing on their behalf something to which there is a just claim. But if current opinion is right I must have been wrong."

It was a red letter day at All Souls Church, Chicago, last Sunday, when David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford Junior University preached on "The Blood of the Nation." It was "standing room only." But the intense interest of the audience was more impressive than its size. Mr. Jordan, like the large man he is, spoke on the large subject in a large way. He spoke out of the richness of mature scholarship and in a masterly way arrayed the facts that go to show how war is a relic of barbarism and how it is antagonistic to civilization not simply on account of the life and property it destroys, but the countless noble men and women whose existence it forestalls by killing off the best blood of the nation. Mr. Jordan's sermon was a great plea for democracy arraigned against which he finds the four great and everlasting enemies of democracy, slavery, aristocracy, imperialism and militarism. It was a sermon in its appeal, a lecture in its scholarship, a warning and a prophecy in its statesmanship. Just now there is little disposition on the part of the popular press to give heed to his wise words, but the time is coming when his message will be heard, its truth recognized and its wisdom followed. We hope our readers will hearken to David Starr Jordan.

About twenty years ago after much labor and much agitation the American Humane Society and its associates succeeded in getting a national law providing that no cattle, sheep, swine or other animals should be confined without food or water in transit for more than twenty-eight consecutive hours, demanding that at the end of such time the live stock should be unloaded, watered, fed and rested for at least five consecutive hours unless prevented by storm or other accidental causes. It has always been a struggle to enforce this law. But with the growth of the humane sentiment and added effectiveness in organization the law has continually grown more vital. Now shippers have succeeded in introducing through "the Committee on Interstate Commerce" in the United States Senate a bill seeking to extend the hours from twenty-eight to forty. This is manifestly a movement in the interest of the transporters rather than of the producers or the consumers, and it is equally manifest that it is a movement away from the humanities, and UNITY joins with all the humane societies and right-minded people in protesting against this lapse into cruelty, and calls upon churches, organizations, ministers, school teachers and school children to combine in a protest that will protect those who are helpless in protecting themselves. If the protest is made in such a way that it will be immediately effective it must be sent by shortest line to their various representatives in the House of Representatives and the Senate of the United States. Let us speak for our dumb relations, the patient and suffering animals.

Congress is again trying to strengthen the revenue of the postoffice department by reducing the amount of second-class mail matter. The "Laud Bill" now pending seeks to exclude from the mails as second-class mail matter all books or reprints of books issued periodically in paper covers. It also seeks to exclude from the mails as second-class mail matter all samples of newspapers and periodicals, thus depriving all publications of the most available means of extending circulation. This doubtless will work hardship to the smaller papers, those not published for "pecuniary profit" and it will further limit the circulation of reading matter. Whatever may be said against cheap books from an artistic standpoint they are inevitably the stepping stones towards better books and the thrift of the "Laud Bill" seems to us to be of the "penny wise and pound foolish" kind and we hope that it will receive the death blow it deserves at the hands of the intelligent representatives and senators who in one way or another "know how it is themselves," have tested the joys of literature in cheap form and have tried to serve the public and to advance public morals and intelligence by means of the printing press. Cheap postage is one of the strong arms of true democracy. The postoffice is not a money making institution and any attempt to so interpret it is a menace to its usefulness.

Welcome to Lazenby!

We take it a good omen that the day that Rev. Albert Lazenby accepted the call of Unity Church, Chicago, he preached on "The Church and the Labor Movement." His words were extensively reported in the last Monday dailies. Monday noon he dined with the Congress circle of ministers, sitting down to a table at which there were four Congregationalists, two Presbyterians, two Unitarians, a Universalist and an Independent. Unity, like every other vacant pulpit in Chicago, has been waiting for a man who can put the gospel of life into the vernacular of business, apply the same to the economic and industrial problems of his time. Mr. Lazenby was born some forty years ago in Duffield, Yorkshire, and trained to the Unitarian ministry under Doctor Martineau and his

associates; was for many years a successful minister in Glasgow; is a student of literature and modern science and believes in using the same in the pulpit and in the interest of religion. The following indicates the tone of his message and if he continues to pitch his sermons to this note we predict for him a career of usefulness in Chicago and the restoration of Unity pulpit to that place in the civic life of the city which it occupied in the golden days of Robert Collyer. Dr. Lazenby said:

I confess that I am sick of what Ruskin has called the "dramatic Christianity, of the organ and the aisle, of dawn service and twilight revival, gas-lighted and gas-inspired Christianity."

Is it not time that the church descended from the infinite expanse of the invisible world and took her stand among the realities and practicabilities of life? It seems to me that the church has a message to the world on this matter. In the first place, we need to revolutionize our conception of the relations between capital and labor. We have come to think that it is of necessity one of antagonism, that industry must ever be in a condition of war. But is this either a true or a wise view of the matter? I am of opinion that we do not face the real question until we realize that capital and labor have an ethical basis, which underlies the economical. If that be not so, it is time we changed our gods, and instead of rendering worship to right we gave our homage to might, and, as arising from this, the church ought to have something to say.

There is room for Rev. Mr. Lazenby in Chicago as a Unitarian. There is place for the Unitarian protest against certain unthinkable dogmas and appeal for the freedom of research and rational interpretation of the scriptures, but there is bigger room for Mr. Lazenby as a man, conscious of the burdens of humanity, impatient with the artificial and superficial distinctions, burdened with a message of fellowship and a passion for the unity that must ever be the most permanent note in all religious movements. We welcome him to this larger ministry and will take pleasure in lending our columns to his message and in introducing him to the constituency widely distributed and broadly inclusive, represented by Unity. Again we say,

Welcome, Lazenby!

The Wisconsin Congress of Religion.

Another Congress has come and gone and left in the minds of those in attendance much to rejoice in and little to regret. It was a series of surprises to the thoughtful attendant. First, the attendance was altogether gratifying. The auditorium of the Union Congregational Church of Green Bay was well filled at all the sessions. A large number of the outside visitors were ministers. Some twenty-five ministers in all were in attendance from different parts of the state. They came not in the interest of a denominational propaganda, certainly there was the minimum of self seeking in the inspiration that led them hither. They came in search of some new statement, fresh emphasis or better methods. They came because they were not afraid of their own orthodoxy or of other people's heresy.

Another surprise, perhaps the greatest, was the delightful harmony of spirit and but little diversity of thought. Each spoke for himself but each spoke words that his associates were glad to hear. We will not try to comment upon the substance of the addresses. Fortunately, arrangements were made for the publication of the same in Unity. At the last session Rev. A. C. Grier of Racine, on behalf of a business committee took the stand and in a very short time received subscriptions for six hundred copies or more of a pamphlet report of the proceedings which will secure the publication of a stenographic report of all the sessions in our columns and the matter will subsequently be pamphleted, uniform in style with the Omaha Congress. In view of this fact we need only say that the program as developed and published in Unity was carried out to the letter with the exception of the substitution of Dr. Thomas for Rabbi Moses and the failure of Rev. Mr. Wilson of All Souls Church of Janesville to be present. His letter of explanation arriving too late to be read will be printed in its proper place in these columns. Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Universalists and Independents were in attendance. The Jews and Unitarians were unfortunately unrepresented.

It seems ungracious to speak of labels where they were so little used and it is an offense to the spirit of the meeting to call attention to denominational distinctions where they were so little felt and where they counted so little in the discussion of the great problems which concern all denominations. But still it is interesting to note that the Congregationalists were represented by Revs. J. M. A. Spence, Green Bay; F. C. Bliss, Plymouth; C. A. Osborne, Lake Geneva; E. E. Day, Kewaunee; L. Osgood, Sturgeon Bay, and Mr. Fred S. Wheeler, Kaukauna; besides Messrs. Updyke of Madison, Rouse of Appleton, Titsworth of Milwaukee, Frizzell of Eau Claire, E. H. Smith of Oshkosh, whose names were on the program. Revs. J. A. Macartney of Oconto and G. R. Pike of Chicago represented the Presbyterians. Rev. H. Robinson of the Baptist Church of Appleton, Dr. Gibbons of La-Crosse, H. W. Thompson of the People's Church of Fond du Lac were also present. These with the Revs. H. W. and Vandelia-Varnum Thomas of Chicago and the editor of Unity constituted the ministerial force that came within reach of the editorial pencil, though there were several other ministers in attendance whose names we did not secure. Mrs. Florence G. Buckstaff of Oshkosh, Mrs. Johnson of Madison, Mrs. J. W. Greenleaf and Miss Ellen C. Lloyd-Jones of Hillside were in attendance and took active part in the meeting. The writer of this notice did not arrive in time to attend the woman's meeting for Tuesday afternoon, presided over by Mrs. R. K. Ellis of Green Bay but much was heard in its praises; neither did he hear Rev. Mr. Updyke's opening sermon, but those who did expect that the reading of it will justify the praise that was given it on every side.

But above everything that was said and beyond any argument advanced lies the clinching fact that here was another object lesson in fellowship, a demonstration of the spirit of our day, a rebuke to sectarian aloofness and conservative distrust of free inquiry, and dissatisfaction with the existing remoteness of the church from the current life of today.

The unanimity that characterized the meeting in all its phases reached its climax perhaps in the unani-

mous vote to have another and still another, and the applause was generous when Rev. Mr. Smith said that every man, woman and child in his parish of the Congregational Church of Oshkosh believed in the congress and joined with him in inviting it to hold its next session there. A large committee, of which Rev. Judson Titsworth of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was chairman, and Rev. J. M. A. Spence of Green Bay, through whose energy, courage and skill this Congress was held, as secretary, was appointed to arrange the time, place and program of the next meeting.

If we mistake not the Wisconsin Congress of Religion has come to stay at Green Bay; the Wisconsin people have found the small end of a big thing. Its growth and power will be none the less beneficent because its method will be the method of the sunshine rather than of the whirlwind; its spirit will be constructive and sympathetic, not dogmatic and controversial. It will continue in the line of Mr. Rouse's paper, to seek the ethical element in religion which will be the living, co-operative element.

We are sure that there is a score of other churches and ministers in the Mississippi Valley who if they could but realize how easily it can be done and how beneficent is the spirit engendered, would go and do just what the Union Congregational Church of Green Bay and its minister, Rev. J. M. A. Spence, have done. Let the one that sends greeting to UNITY from a far off town in Iowa read this note and take heart. This is the word:

"God speed the good work of the Congress of Religion. Away out here on the prairies of northwestern Iowa we hear the call and some day we shall hold a Congress. Certainly the clouds are breaking and the light is clearer. Greeting to all the workers."

Correspondence.

I fully sympathize with you in what you say about Bushnell and F. W. Robertson in Unity. Years ago while passing through the transition stage from extreme Calvinism to a religion free from dogmatic statements, I read Bushnell upon "The Vicarious Sacrifice," which gave me a new view of the atonement, and Robertson's life letters and sermons, which gave me a truer basis for the religious life as expressed by him. "I hold surer every day that God and my own soul seek each other and I have no fear of the issue." I am much interested in UNITY and wish you much success.

T. B. SKINNER.

Battle Creek, Mich.

They never fail who die
In a great cause. The block may soak their gore,
Their heads may sodden in the sun, their limbs
Be strung on city gates and castle walls
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others and conduct
The world at last to freedom. —*Byron.*

With equal minds what happens let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our care.
—Dryden.

Good Poetry.

The Orchard Lands of Long Ago.

The orchard-lands of Long Ago!
O drowsy winds, awake and blow
The snowy blossoms back to me,
And all the buds that used to be;
Blow back along the grassy ways
Of truant feet, and lift the haze
Of happy summer from the trees
That trail their tresses in the seas
Of grain that float and overflow
The orchard lands of long ago!

Blow back the melody that slips
In lazy laughter from the lips
That marvel much if any kiss
Is sweeter than the apple's is.
Blow back the twitter of the birds—
The lisp, the titter, and the words
Of merriment that found the shine
Of summer-time a glorious wine
That drenched the leaves that loved it so
In orchard-lands of Long Ago!

O memory! alight and sing
Where rosy-bellied pippins cling,
And golden russets glint and gleam
As in the old Arabian dream
The fruits of that enchanted tree
The glad Alladin robbed for me!
And drowsy winds, awake and fan
My blood as when it overran
A heart ripe as the apples grow
In orchard-lands of Long Ago.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

While We May.

The hands are such dear hands;
They are so full; they turn at our demands
So often; they reach out,
With trifles scarcely thought about,
So many times; they do
So many things for me, for you—
If their fond wills mistake,
We well may bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips
That speak to us. Pray, if love strips
Them of discretion many times,
Or if they speak too slow, or quick, such crimes
We may pass by; for we may see
Days not far off when those small words may be
Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear
Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear, familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours,— feet fast or slow,
And trying to keep pace,—if they mistake,
Or tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush poor Hope until it bleed,
We may be mute,
Not turning quickly to impute
Grave fault;—for they and we
Have such a little way to go,—can be
Together such a little while along the way,
We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find,
We see them; for not blind
Is love. We see them, but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some day *by and by*,
They will not be
Faults then—grave faults to you and me
Just odd ways,—mistakes, or even less,—
Remembrances to bless.
Days change so many things,—yes, hours,
We see so differently in sun and showers.
Mistaken words to-night
May be cherished by to-morrow's light.
We may be patient: for we know
There's such a little way to go.

—Susan Coolidge.

The Pulpit.

Ruskin as a Moral and Social Reformer.

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND, PREACHED AT THE HIGHGATE UNITARIAN CHURCH, LONDON, ENG.

"Finally, brethren, whosoever things are trne, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, let us think on these things." Phil. 4. 8.

These words seem such as naturally and almost inevitably suggest themselves when one thinks of John Ruskin, that great teacher and prophet of beauty and truth, who has so recently been laid to rest near the home where he had spent his life's evening, and amidst the trees, the mountains and the waters that he loved so well. Was not Ruskin's mission just that of calling the attention of his generation away from so much that is false and ugly, which men run after with hot and eager haste, and bidding them, instead, to think on and heed the things that are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, of good report,—whatsoever there is that promotes virtue or is worthy of praise.

The death of Ruskin is peculiarly impressive because of the fact that he was the last of that distinguished group of literary characters who made the reign of Queen Victoria so glorious, the greatest names among whom were Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, George Eliot and Matthew Arnold. To these names add Ruskin, and what a constellation of genius we have! Only two or three times has England matched it in all her past. I think the Continent has not produced its equal since that wonderful company in Germany of which Goethe and Schiller were the central stars. Perhaps the nearest approach to it that the last fifty years has afforded has been that brilliant gallaxy of American writers, now alas! all gone, made up of Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Hawthorne and Emerson.

Ruskin was perhaps the most interesting character of the illustrious English group to which he belonged. He attracted attention quite as much as any other; more than any other he aroused, provoked, repelled and charmed. His genius was not so steady, so strong, so whole as that of some of his colleagues, but it was more many-sided, and it was quite as splendid. Men say he was erratic. So he was. He was strangely erratic. Hardly any great writer of this century has been so much so. But he was not more erratic than he was brilliant or noble. Except for his extraordinary brilliancy and the high and singularly unselfish impulses that always prompted him, his eccentricities of judgment and speech would have destroyed him—would have cut off his influence and his career in mid-life. But his thought was so fresh, his ways of looking at things were so original, his spiritual insights were so keen, and often so profound, his mastery of the art of expression was so wonderful, his knowledge of nature was so vast and so minute and his love of nature so ardent, his sympathy with humanity was so spontaneous and real, and his ethical ideals were so noble, that no eccentricities could destroy the splendor of his greatness. There were spots on his sun—spots which at times seemed painfully numerous and large. But the sun was there all the same, shining all around the spots and overflooding them, and, before we knew, making us forget the spots in the dazzle of the great and splendid light.

Ruskin was more than a brilliant writer on art; he was a great moral force in the nineteenth century.

In considering him we naturally think first of his art-teaching. His influence upon art has been immense and of the highest value. If he had written nothing except his art-books his fame would be secure.

But little by little, he grew to have other interests besides that of art. He never lost his affection for his first love; but another love, another passion, sprang up within his ardent soul, which throughout the last half of his life vied with his art-passion, and sometimes overmastered it. It was love for humanity. It was passion for moral and social reforms—such reforms as should lift the poor out of their brutalizing poverty, and all men out of their greed, their cruel competitions, and their absorption in mere material things, and thus make art and beauty a possibility.

To many persons it seems as if these two interests which Ruskin came to feel, were incompatible. But as he felt them, and as they developed in his mind, they were not incompatible,—they were closely related, indeed one grew out of the other. He became a social reformer because he was a lover of art, because he came to see that art is only an expression of a peoples' life, and that no nation can have really beautiful or noble art except as the lives of its people are noble and beautiful. You ask for better art, he said. You can have it on one condition, but on no other. You must first have a nation capable of appreciating it and capable of producing it. Then your beautiful art will come. Therefore I beg of you, I beseech you, I warn you, pay attention above everything else to whatever conditions or whatever forces or whatever agencies will tend to lift up the English people into peace of mind, and into such a degree of physical comfort as shall make an intellectual and spiritual life possible among them.

We may speak of Ruskin's life as divided into two periods. The first was that in which he gave himself wholly to art. The second was that in which his thought that art is dependent upon social and moral conditions, and that England's deepest need is the moral and social elevation of her people, rose to be uppermost in his mind and writing.

The books that principally represent his first period are his "Modern Painters," his "Seven Lamps of Architecture" and his "Stones of Venice." Those that are most important in connection with his second period are his "Unto This Last," four essays on what he regards as the first principles of political economy; "Munera Pulveris," six further essays of the same general character; "The Crown of Wild Olives," four essays on Work, Traffic, War and the Future of England; and "Time and Tide" and "Fors Clavigera," letters to working men on many subjects. These books form only a part, perhaps less than half of all he wrote; but they are the best known, and they are his great and significant books, as marking the two periods of his life and the two great subjects, that of art, and that of social betterment, to which he gave himself with such whole-souled and passionate devotion.

Two or three very delightful books, a little aside, which all lovers of Ruskin love and which I myself particularly like and want everybody to read, are his "Sesame and Lilies"—this first and above everything else from his pen; then, his "Ethics of Dust," and finally his charming autobiographical volumes entitled "Praeterita."

Ruskin's nature was too deep to rest content with mere surface beauty or surface art. From the first he insisted that art must have a soul. From the beginning of his art writing his demand of every painter was, not merely graceful drawing and attractive color, but thought and feeling. He did not ask simply, Is your picture pretty to the eye? but, What does it mean? If it meant nothing—if it suggested no ideal, and awakened no worthy emotion, then he said it was

not art. From this the step was short to a recognition of the principle that all art and beauty are at bottom spiritual and ethical—that the highest beauty men can know in this world is the beautiful soul; and therefore, that whatever is untruthful, immoral or in any way degrading to man, is a violation of art. And from this again, the step was short to the principle, out of which all his social reforms grew, that in order to have noble art in a land you must have noble human beings.

When Ruskin entered upon his career as a social reformer, few understood him. Among those who had been his admirers there was a general feeling of keen disappointment, and in many quarters even bitterness or dismay. Many of his most influential friends remonstrated. Some who had been loudest in his praise became detractors. Some went so far as to say he was losing his mind. Many of his sincerest friends, who would not reproach or criticise, were simply silent, but it was a sorrowful silence. A few trusted him still and took pains to read with care what he wrote and find out really what his thought was and the ground for it. Some of these grew into sympathy with his new aims, and became his followers in the new, as they had been in the old. By and by, too, he began to reach a wholly new class of minds,—minds to which his art writings had never appealed, but which were deeply stirred by his condemnation of the injustice and cruelty of the present industrial and social systems, and his efforts to improve them. And thus, little by little, he began to emerge out of the extreme unpopularity into which he had fallen, and to become once more a name of power. All this seems strange indeed to look back upon now, from the height of honor upon which for so many years he has stood. We can hardly believe it possible that in the seventies and early eighties his popularity, which had before been so high, could have sunk so low.

Through all that dark time he stood firm. He grew irascible under the criticism heaped upon him. Sometimes he said unwise and even bitter things—stung by popular opposition, prejudice, misunderstanding, misrepresentation. But he would not turn back. He believed he was right. Speak he would. And he would compel the English people to hear. He did compel them to hear. And when they heard, many believed and followed him with new love and honor in his new mission of trying to give England a new manhood. And even many who were unable to go with him in all his social reform ideas and movements, saw how high and noble were his motives, and loved and honored him for these. And so England got back her Ruskin again, more beloved and honored than ever.

This experience of Ruskin is a very instructive one, especially for any of us who feel it our duty to identify ourselves with causes that are unpopular, but which we believe to be right. It shows us what advance movements and movements of reform always mean. It shows us that men who have led them have had always to go forward in faith and courage, in spite of opposition, daring to stand comparatively alone and to be called hard names. It shows us that only by such courage and fidelity can truth gain her victories and the world be moved forward and upward.

I do not mean to say that Ruskin's social theories were always sound, or his social ideals always practicable. Comparatively few of his warmest friends now claim that. I only claim—what the best judgment of our time is more and more coming to recognize—that much of his thought concerning social and political economy was true, and that some at least of the reforms which he urged were reasonable and important; while always his motive was unselfish and noble.

Perhaps the main contribution that Ruskin made to political economy—and it was a very great contribution—was the thought that it must have a moral element or a moral side. It must not be kept a science of mere buying and selling, of mere supply and demand on the material plane, of mere pounds, shillings and pence. Such a science is only commercial economy. Men have other interests besides those of the purse. Men do not live by physical bread alone. Men are swayed by other motives besides those of getting gain. Life has other and truer wealth than gold. A true and adequate political economy will bear all this in mind. There will be a place in it for right, for justice, for moral obligation, for duty, even for self-sacrifice. "That country is the richest," he declares, "which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings." The old political economy which ignored this higher side of man was well called "The dismal science." Add this side and it is "dismal" no longer. Now it becomes human, and gains all the interest that attaches to humanity. It is encouraging to see that within the last ten years political economy is being almost wholly re-shaped and rewritten; and in no small degree it is on the lines that were long ago suggested by Ruskin.

Some of the more important economic and social reforms which Ruskin pleaded for I may name. He pleaded for better social environments for the people. He pleaded for pure air, as the right of all. He pleaded for streets and houses less ugly. He pleaded for such use of machinery as will free men, not enslave them. He pleaded for commerce and trade to be conducted on the principle of the Golden Rule, so that both parties may be benefited by the exchange, and not one alone. He pleaded for a living wage,—that is, for such pay for labor as will allow the toiler to live and hold up his head, and educate his family, and get some joy out of life, instead of being ground down to the earth like a slave. He pleaded for schools to educate pupils, instead of cramming them full of mere undigested knowledge. He pleaded for a system of complete and comprehensive and thorough national education for England in place of the existing patched up, incomplete, makeshift system, partly national, partly ecclesiastical, partly private, and partly altogether wanting. He pleaded for greater freedom and privilege, and a larger life, for woman. He pleaded for a system of government workshops, so conducted as not to interfere with private enterprise, but to make sure that men willing to work need never fail of finding work to do by means of which they can earn bread to keep themselves and those dependent on them from hunger. He pleaded for a system of old age pensions. He pleaded for decent homes for the working classes—homes in which health, morality and self-respect became possible. Such were the general social reforms which he was interested in, and tried to wake up the nation to the importance of.

Besides these he interested himself in several movements of a more private kind, which he undertook to inaugurate and carry out himself or by means of his own money. One was a system of tenement reform in London, which has been very successfully managed for many years by Miss Octavia Hill. Another was the establishment of shops for the sale of unadulterated tea. Another was the revival of certain village hand-industries which the introduction of machinery had driven or was tending to drive out of existence. Another was the establishment of a sort of paternal and co-operative organization known as St. George's Guild. Another was the creation of a Museum for Working Men at Sheffield. Ruskin inherited from his father a handsome fortune of some

200,000 pounds. Nearly all of this he gave away for objects of private or public beneficence. Among other public gifts he presented valuable collections of pictures and minerals to the British Museum and to museums in Oxford and Cambridge. His annual income derived from the sale of his books was for many years some 4,000 pounds or more. Most of this, too, he gave away. All this shows us that his benevolence was not merely a thing of words, which are so cheap. It was a thing of deeds.

It is worthy of notice that the "Social Settlement" movement which is having so fruitful a development in Europe and America, and which is proving one of the most important movements for social betterment which our age has produced, really took its initiative from Ruskin. Arnold Toynbee, who established the first social settlement in London, and for whom "Toynbee Hall" is named, was one of Ruskin's disciples and much ridiculed "road diggers" at Oxford. It was from Ruskin that Toynbee caught the torch of social reform which burned so brightly in his hand and which he passed on to so many others.

Thus was all Ruskin's work as an art teacher crowned and glorified by his work as a social and moral reformer. His love for art did not grow less as his years advanced, but his love for men grew greater. More and more the conviction burned into his soul like a hot iron, that the indspensable condition of all true beauty and all high art, is intelligent, pure and happy homes and human lives. And so with the zeal of an old Hebrew prophet he threw himself into the work of trying to regenerate the social and moral life of the English people. Tremendously he fought against all influences that tend to degrade or weaken men's moral life. Mightily he championed the spiritual in men, as against the material in and around them. Thus you see what I mean when I say, that Ruskin was not alone a great art teacher, but beyond his art and as the culmination of his art, he was a great moral teacher. Nay, more than even that, he was a great religious teacher. For how deeply religious was always the spirit of his work! And what work alone on the earth can be more truly religious, according to the teaching of Christ, than that whose aim is to lift up humanity?

Ruskin labored with an ardor such as few have ever known to fill his beloved England with beautiful pictures. For this he will be forever loved and praised. But he labored with an ardor if possible more fiery and more deathless still, to fill England with beautiful souls. This was the higher aim. Here, therefore, is to be found the star that must forever shine brightest in the coronet of his honor.

Give thanks for him, whate'er earth holds of fairest—
  Birds of the air—he loved your burnished wings,
Flowers of the field, the humblest and the rarest,
  Shells of the sea—he read your murmurings;
Streams, lakes and moorlands, Down and Fell and Grampian,
  "The Springs of Wandle" and "The Banks of Tay"
Give thanks for him, your friend and fearless champion,
  Who now has passed away."

When word flew over the land that Ruskin had reached his end, a voice like the sound of many waters was heard, coming from the multitudes that loved him everywhere, praying that the nation's illustrious and honored son might find his last resting place in sacred Westminster. But it is more fitting as it is now. He was a child of the sky, and the air, and the mountains, and the lovely world of nature, not of city streets or of buildings erected by men's hands. His green and peaceful grave at Coniston adds one more to the nation's holy places. Long will lovers of beauty make pilgrimages to the spot as to a sacred shrine, because there sleeps England's greatest prophet of art. Long will lovers of their fellow men seek it as a shrine more sacred still, because it holds the dust of a great prophet of righteousness, and one who gave his life for humanity.

Thoughts in a Buddhist Temple.

Suppose St. Paul and the other apostles had gone South instead of following the great current of travel and trade North to Europe. They would have found Buddhism in India and Confucianism in China. Assuming that they had dispensed then with the new religion, what would have been its faith? We know how Christianity deteriorated in Arabia and Egypt and was replaced by Mahomet, whose system was as much a protest against the laws of Christianity as Protestantism and Luther were a protest against Catholicism. Would Christianity have shared in India and Eastern Asia the fate of these other religions which in new fields have practically dwindled into idolatry? Would it have resisted the subtle influences of over population, tropical heat, and inferior races? Light is thrown upon this most interesting question by the condition of the Philippines, all of whom except the southern provinces are devout Catholics. In every village was a padre and church and in every city a cathedral and yet the Filipinos are in every way inferior to their heathen neighbors in China and Japan. The Protestant says that this is owing to the inefficiency of Rome to lift up its lower classes, but would the former do any better? All nations will as individuals search more or less earnestly after God. The root of all religions is the mystery, which presses like night upon us all. We Christians call the mystery God and think we have solved the question, by what we attach to the term omnipotence, omniscience and benevolence and where we have made a scape goat or another mystery by calling it the devil. One of the greatest differences between Christianity and the Asiatic religions other than that of Mahomet is that they all conciliate the evil powers, which seems to be the main factor in their worship; while Christians conciliate and worship God, the positive element of goodship, leaving the devil to take care of himself. This has not always been so, the Europe of the middle ages thought the devil was a great deal more of a personage than he is considered now. Witchcraft was a form of the Christian superstition about the devil.

In Japan it would be an easy matter to become a Buddhist. Their temples are as full of the religious spirit as an English Cathedral. The Japanese have a genius for creating a religious atmosphere. They select the calmest possible natural scenery for their shrines of which there are 170,000 in the Kingdom. In Japan they have a peculiar pine tree called the Cryptomana, which seems to have been created for worship. These gigantic and worshipful trees, often one hundred and fifty feet in height and twenty feet in diameter, are planted around the temples with an enthusiastic profusion. Their light and shade are handled with marvellous religious effect. The older temples are disfigured with grotesque groups of hideous images, but the newer ones have banished all of these and substituted the mild face of the Buddha Just as in Catholic Cathedrals the sweet face of the virgin is everywhere materialized both in marble and colors. I have visited St. Peters at Rome, a majority of the sacred buildings of the Christian world, and am free to say that not one of them equal the great Honwagii Temple in Kyoto, Japan, erected within the last dozen years at a cost of $10,000,000. Here hang great ropes made of women's hair used in the construction, made from the hair of women who are too poor to contribute anything else. The ceremonial in these newer temples is conducted with exquisite skill and

suggests Emerson's cowled priests and chanting choirs. There is a great deal of excellent prayer that each day goes up to God in the Buddhist house of worship. Up to God? Certainly—why not? Does any one doubt that the fervent Catholic's prayer addressed to the image of the Virgin or some other saint reaches God? And if so, why not devout heathen prayers addressed to the Light of Asia, who stands to him for God? I never say that word heathen in Japan, although it is impossible not to use it in China.

The shrines of rural Japan are exceedingly beautiful, invariably surrounded with trees and in the loveliest possible scenery. Now upon a level mountain top commanding a view of rising and setting suns and a lovely sea and cape. These country temples are always beautifully clean and perfumed with incense. Of course, the priests are friendly and often with saintly faces. This is the bright side of the picture. The reverse side is the fixedty of the majority of the worshipers and the evident fact that they mistake the images and symbols for the thing signified.

It is a great mistake to suppose Buddhism is a moribund religion. Even in dirty and repulsive China (so a missionary told me) every year large sums of money are spent in building new temples. In Japan the Buddhists hold summer schools very like our Chatauquas and publish magazines and tracts, the burden of all of which is to spread the gospel of Budda. To say that this very great religion, which numbers 500,000,000 inhabitants, and is today the most popular of any in the world is false, is certainly a very great mistake. While to me Christianity is a far preferable system, yet I cannot ignore the fact that Buddhism makes a kindly people, encourages schools and public order. Some years ago Japan sent a commission to the Protestant nations to examine their morals and religion with a view of making it their national creed and church. Alas! the commission returned from England and the United States with an unfavorable report. They pointed out the drunkenness of the people. The municipal corruption of our cities. The Godlessness of our people and the worldliness of our preachers all struggling for notoriety and an easy place in contrast with the condition of the people of the Kingdom of "The Rising Sun," and then as between Christians, Shinto and Buddhist adopted the Shinto faith as that of the State Church. It speaks volumes for the Buddhists that they and other Shintoists dwell in perfect harmony. Often the temples of the two faiths being in the same enclosure.

I do not say these words because I am about to become a Buddhist, but simply because actual and visual examination convinces me that we have undervalued the merits of a very great religion, just as we have undervalued the value of Mohammedism. It is improbable for any candid person to condemn two faiths like these as false one of which antedates Christianity by five hundred years and the other of which was a protest against Christian corruption and which has for twelve hundred years held and still holds the sepulcher of Christ and stations soldiers in the sacred place of Jerusalem to prevent Christian sects, Greek and Catholic, from murdering each other. With Whittier, our greatest poet, I am glad to find

> "In vedic Verse and dull Koran
> Messages of good to man."

and that two faiths which are sufficient for the moral and spiritual wants of one-half of the human race are each searchers after God full of good which, while like our own Christian religion, are full of mistakes and not therefore to be condemned and repudiated, but to be quickened and informed by our own vastly higher and purer faith. D. B. Baldwin.

Ceylon, India, December 27, 1899.

The Present Feeling in Germany Towards England.

* * * The death of a hero may be glorious, but I question whether its gloriousness be sufficiently convincing to dry a mother's tears. If it was part of a just and inevitable war, then, I suppose, she tries not to murmur, and holds up her head with a piteous pride while the sword is piercing her heart; but if the war was avoidable, as in this case, and merely the consequence, as the German nation believes, of the short-sightedness and rapacity of statesmen, then no amount of glory will be of any use as a means of consolation.

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Many people in Germany are of opinion that England is in decadence, that she is too rich, and is paying the usual penalty for a surfeit of the good things of life. She has, they say, grown fat, sleepy, secure and careless, big in words and small in deeds, and that her tendency even now to call actions that have only just escaped being defeats splendid victories, is neither the spirit in which great victories are won nor the spirit that inspired her in past years, when the envy with which other nations regarded her was mixed with a very genuine admiration. But it is plain that whatever she may have been at the beginning of the war, she is now thoroughly startled into wakefulness, and the resolution and dogged perseverance out of which her greatness was built, have come back to her in her day of danger with much of her old humility. The interests of European civilization would be gravely affected if she should be forced into any position less influential than the one she has till now occupied; for though her foreign policy has been hypocritical, rapacious, and supremely selfish, at home she rules her subjects with a wisdom and liberality unequalled in other countries. For this reason, because she is the home of freedom, liberality, and culture, all right-thinking Germans, far from rejoicing, as Englishmen suppose they do, at England's present discomfiture in South Africa, watch with keenest sympathy her brave efforts to turn the blunders of the government into successes. The reverses she has sustained have been more than sufficient to satisfy those who at first were desirous that her boastfulness should be punished. Boastfulness there was, and punishment there has been enough, and the sufferers are not those who boasted and those who blundered, but the nation alone, following confidently wherever it is led, enthusiastic, obedient, and brave. That the nation has been silent in its distress, and has neither complained nor looked about for a scapegoat, that it is ready with its money and its lives to any extent that may be demanded, that there are no revolutions at home, and no cries of *Nous sommes trahis*, is not to its credit, because it is its character. This quiet determination never to give in, however admirable, and however important, is, after all, nothing but a natural gift. But it is just this natural gift that will, in all probability, make England victorious at last.—*The National Review (London) for February, 1900.*

I hold to one true church of all true souls,
Whose churchly seal is neither bread nor wine,
Nor laying on of hands nor holy oil.
I hate all kings, and caste, and rank of birth,
For all the sons of men are sons of God;
Nor limps a beggar but is nobly born;
Nor wears a slave a yoke or czar a crown
That makes him less or more than just a man.

—*Anon.*

Be Thine to give and ours to own
The truth that sets Thy children free,
The law that binds us to Thy throne,
The love that makes us one with Thee.

—*S. C. Bache,*

The Sunday School.

A Course of Study in the Non-Biblical Jewish Writings.

NOTES FROM THE MOTHERS' NORMAL CLASS OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.

Prepared by E. H. W.

XVI.

Philo.

MEMORY TEXT:

Every wise man is a friend of God.

Philo is a very definite, interesting and clear-cut character. His works and alleged works are published in four volumes. The date of Philo is fixed in this way: When Caligula was planning a campaign against Jerusalem to bend the stiff neck of the Jew and compel him to bow before some other God and profane the temple, a commission of influential and learned Jews from Alexandria was appointed to go to Rome and wait upon the cruel and tyrannical Emperor for the purpose of presenting the claims of the Jews. Philo was one of this commission and he has given some account of his experience. This visitation was about 40 A. D. and Philo is said to have been an old man, probably about sixty years old, at the time. He lived in Alexandria and had a rich brother and presumably was rich himself. His brother, Alexander Lysimachus, was an Arabian prefect, a tax collector.

Philo lived in Alexandria and had a classical training, although he says somewhere that he had not had all the privileges of the schools. He embellished his language with quotations from the Greek dramatists. Homer was at his service. His Greek was so elegant that the Jews used to say Philo wrote like Plato or else Plato wrote like Philo. He was a great admirer of Plato and accepted all the essentials of his philosophy.

Now what was Philo's object?

Certain Greek scholars of his time, particularly one Theodotus, a Stoic of the Ingersollian type, had been poking fun at the Jews, ridiculing their religion; and this enthusiastic Greek-Jew, in the line of the flesh a Jew, in the line of culture a Greek, in the line of devotion and spirituality a Jew again, a traveled man, a well-read man, set himself to vindicate the Jewish religion, particularly that contained in the Pentateuch. His standpoint was simply this: "Bring on your philosophy, the more of it the better, and give it to us at its highest and best; we have it in our books, Plato, Homer and all; it is all implied or taught in our scriptures." The burden of his book is a fitting of the Pentateuch to the best and largest philosophy and scholarship of the time. How could he do it? Why, the way it is always done, by spiritualizing all he could lay hold of. He did in that time in Alexandria what Swedenborg did in his time.

I think the Hellenized Jew is a very much larger element in the Jewish economy than the old Jewish rabbis would acknowledge. The Judaism that is universal is immensely more Philonic than Mosaic in spirit and temper. The Pentateuch itself was intensely racial in its ambitions and purposes. It thought its religion would become universal by converting everything to Judaism. The prophets themselves, with a very few exceptions, had that race element, that hope of making Judaism universal. The Greek influence came to them and through the buffetings of three hundred years destroyed their racialism, not by anti-Semitism but by the cosmopolitan power of culture and religion. My theory is that the Jew would have been gone long ago if he had not been so abused; so long as he is abused he will stand. A Ghetto preserved by Jewish pride and self-consciousness is a shame to the Jew, but a Ghetto necessitated by Christian pressure is a disgrace to the Christian. The culture of Philo that modified and really transformed the Jewish thought was a great, high thing.

The influence of Philo is happily summed up by Cornill as follows: "The importance and influence of this man are almost incalculable. He was the first who succeeded in completely and harmoniously uniting Shem and Japhet. He is a Jew by conviction and at the same time a perfect Greek, who makes it the task of his life to combine into a higher unity revelation and philosophy, to establish religion upon a philosophical basis and to transfigure philosophy with the spirit of religion."

The first book of Philo, which is the one that interests us most, is given almost entirely to an interpretation of the Genesis story. He symbolizes it, making Adam and Eve the type of everybody and everything; he works up the devil in quite modern fashion and makes a parable of the story of Cain and Abel. In the second volume we come upon the confusion of languages. It is very interesting to note how he spiritualizes the story of Babel into eloquent philosophy.

There is also an ingenious chapter on the question why certain names in the holy scriptures are changed; and two long chapters, exceedingly ingenious, on the doctrine that dreams are sent from God. He works it up like a modern preacher.

The third volume is called "The Life and Prophetic Office of Moses." There are chapters on the "Ten Commandments," "Circumcision," "Monarchy," etc., all ethical and clean although rather far-fetched and bombastic, but that is the style of preachers.

The fourth and last volume consists of "Fragments on the Contemplative Life." This is most famous of all, but probably Philo did not write it, as it bears evidence of a later hand. It is an account of the Essenes, the Communists, the Shakers of Judaism, and is the basis of De Quincey's great essay on the Essenes. It is supposed also to have been the foundation of the monastic orders.

In teaching this lesson in the Sunday school there is need of a map showing Rome, Athens, Jerusalem and Alexandria. And I would say to the children something like this: Here in Alexandria, Greece and Judea met in a great colony. There were perhaps more Jews in Alexandria—warriors, singers, scholars, all kinds of Jews—than in Jerusalem. Rome was the great master of the situation, but she did not know enough about the Jewish religion to respect it. The Greeks thought they had something better. But here was a great scholar living in Alexandria who knew a great deal about both the Jewish religion and the Greek philosophy, and he came to the conclusion that there was no real antagonism and that Plato of the Greeks and Moses of the Jews meant much the same thing. Philo, the great scholar down in Alexandria, did not hate the Greeks and he did love the Jews. He loved Plato, called him "Holy Plato;" he loved Greek poetry, and he thought the stories of Homer and the stories of the Bible meant the same thing.

I think even the small children can understand that a really wise man would not take sides with Rome against Jerusalem or with Jerusalem against Greece.

Philo said: "You all mean the same thing." And I would try to bring the lesson down to date and illustrate by the purpose and teachings of our Sunday school. We are not here to say the Jews are all wrong and the orthodox Christians are all right; we do not say the Methodists are wrong and the Unitarians are right; but we mean to teach that in certain very true and high ways we are all trying to do the same thing. The most false and wicked thing is the fighting.

The Study Table.

God, the Stars and I.

The stars shine over the earth,
The stars shine over the sea;
The stars look up to the mighty God,
The stars look down on me.

The stars shall live for a million years,
For a million years and a day;
But God and I will live and love
When the stars have passed away.

—*J. T. Sunderland in the Christian Register.*

Two Interesting New Books.*

Should Mrs. Earle bring her series of colonial studies to an end with the present volume, the climax would be entirely satisfactory. She must have been most diligent and persevering to have found so much that is interesting and important on so many different lines. Beginning with "Babyhood," she goes on to "Children's Dress," "Schools and School Life," "Women Teachers and Girl Scholars," "Hornbook and Primer," "School Books," "Penmanship," "Diaries and Commonplace Books," "Childish Precocity," "Old Time Discipline," "Manners and Courtesy;" next we have chapters on "Religious Thought and Training," "Religious Books," "Story and Picture Books," "Children's Diligence," Needlecraft, Games, Toys, and Flowers. The least promising of these subjects yields a rich sheaf of facts, Mrs. Earle's sickle has such an ample curve. Her illustrations, which are very numerous, add immensely to the value of her book. The portrait-pictures are particularly interesting. Quite the worst is that of Cathalina Post. Cathalina's ghost would be justified in worrying Mrs. Earle for perpetuating the bloom of her ugliness to the latest generations. One is continually obliged to remind one's self that there were differences of people then as now, so that the sufferings of children and young people may have had much personal alleviation; also that the meager outfit on the side of play was reinforced by an abundance of natural objects and by the fertile imagination of childhood. And still it does not seem possible that the old-time children could have been so happy as the children of our day. Whether the new commandment—"Parents obey your children in the Lord, for this is right"—is justified by its results, we are not prepared to say. But it does not appear that children love their parents so much more now than formerly as the kinder treatment they receive would lead us to expect.

It was a happy thought of Mr. Howells to write this book. Many who read "Their Wedding Journey" when it first appeared, and have kept company with the author ever since, will be delighted to go with him upon this second journey, "personally conducted" by Mr. and Mrs. March. We have seen much of them in the interim between the two books, and they have kept their identity in a remarkable manner, with only so much of difference as "the years that bring [sometimes] the philosophic mind" would naturally effect. Mrs. March is hardly more inconsequent than she was at the beginning and her predilection for match-making could not be stronger than it was in the series of events narrated in "An Open Eyed Conspiracy." The getting-off is delightful, and the account of the ship's company on the morning of her departure is a triumph of minute observation and careful memory, for it does not seem possible that Mr. Howells could have been note-taking on the spot. With one or two exceptions the *dramatis personæ* of the story are all duly presented at the first meal on board the *Norumbia*, and Mrs. March has Mr. Burnamy and Miss Triscoe as good as married. These people are all much in evidence on the "Germein-Lilan Wedding Journey," and the marriage of Burnamy and Miss Triscoe is not the only one which ultimately transpires. Burnamy is a young literary fellow who affords Mr. Howells an opportunity to work in some of his own experience as a young writer. Stoller, for whom Burnamy is writing, is one of Mr. Howells' most remorseless representations of the American hustler,—sordid, vulgar, intolerable. The life on board ship is done admirably and so is the life in Carlsbad to which much space is devoted. The movement of the story is extremely slow. It will probably be too slow for those who read the book for the story's sake. But those who read for the humor, the characterization, the wise comment, the genial satire upon places and persons, will be well satisfied. Once at least, the realism is too definite in its details, its subject being disgusting.

The illustrations are a great addition to the charm of the book. It would appear that many of them have suggested the accompanying text, for it does not seem likely that people could have posed so effectively as to furnish some of the more striking situations. This criticism does not apply to the illustrations that are not photographic, of which there are a good many. These are well done, the rendering of Mr. and Mrs. March and of Agatha Triscoe and the General, her father, being particularly good. Not by any means one of the worst touches is the homesickness of the Marches and their gladness to be back again once more in New York. It should be said, however, that the disillusionment is largely subjective —Mr. Howells' own. There are many to whom Europe always means "fresh woods and pastures new."

*Child Life in Colonial Days, by Alice Morse Earle, New York, The MacMillan Company, 1899.

Their Silver Wedding Journey, by W. D. Howells, author of "Their Wedding Journey," etc. Illustrated in two volumes, New York and London, Harper & Brothers, 1899.

J. W. C.

The Problem of Theism.

This book is a course of ten lectures given by Professor Iverach of the Free Church College, Aberdeen, Scotland, before the New York University, under the "Charles T. Deems lectureship of Philosophy." It is a book of remarkable merit. First in its simple and clear style, Prof. Iverach has shown here that the highest thought and reason ever can be put in such a way that all can understand them and herein its fairness. If there is a partisan page in the book I have not found it. His most interesting chapter to many would be the sixth. "Is a rational religion possible? Mr. Benjamin Kidd and Mr. Arthur Balfour" and the way in which he quietly annihilates Mr. Kidd's heresies on "Reason and Religion," and Mr. Balfour's on "Reason and Authority," is exceedingly refreshing reading. I commend all who have swallowed these authors whole, to Prof. Iverach's antidote. His two closing chapters on "Philosophy in its Agnostic Aspect," etc., and "Idealistic Philosophy," etc., show a rare familiarity with both the scientific and philosophic thought of today. His answer to agnosticism is one I would turn a student to before almost any other author of my acquaintance, and his untangling of the idealistic philosophy, finding its strength and weakness, is masterly.

His closing words on theology, the position he assigns it, show him to be not first a scientist or a philosopher, but a Christian theologian who has made a choice contribution to the problem of Theism.

J. F.

*Theism: In the Light of Present Science and Philosophy, by James Iverach, M.A., D.D., authpr of "Is God Knowable," "Evolution and Christianity," etc. (MacMillan Company, 1899, $1.50.)

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—God is the giver, life a partnership, humanity a brotherhood.
MON.—There is no well-doing, no godlike doing, that is not patient doing.
TUES.—Labor—the expenditure of vital effort in some form—is the measure, nay, it is the maker, of values.
WED.—To labor rightly and earnestly is to walk in the golden track that leads to God.
THURS.—To labor is to come into sympathy with the great struggle of humanity toward perfection.
FRI.—To labor, is to adopt the fellowship of all the great and good the world has ever known.
SAT.—Love makes labor light.

—*J. G. Holland.*

Talking in Their Sleep.

"You think I am dead."
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show—
Because I stoop
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow!
But I'm all alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away—
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade!
But under the ground
I am safe and sound
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive and ready to shoot,
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here—
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own!
I never have died,
But close, I hide
In a plumy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again—
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

—*Edith Thomas.*

Enjoy as You Go.

Some people mean to have a good time when their hard work is done—say, at fifty. Others plan to enjoy themselves when their children are grown up. Others mean to take their pleasure when they get to be rich, or when their business is built up on a sure foundation, or the farm is paid for, or the grind of some particular sorrow is overpast.

Such persons might as well give up ever having a good time. The season of delight, which is so long waited and hoped for, too rarely comes. Disease, poverty, death, claim each his victims. The lives of those whom we love, or our own, go out, and what is left?

Then take your pleasure to-day, while there is yet time. Things may not be in the best of shape for that visit you have been so long planning to your only sister. It might be better if you could wait till you had a more stylish suit of clothes, or till the boy was at home from college to look after the place; but she is ready now. You are both growing old—you had better go.

John drives round with the horse. "Jump in, mother," he says. "It is a lovely day. You need the fresh air." Don't say "I can't go—I was intending to make some cakes," or "My dress isn't changed." Put on your warm coat, tie a veil around your hat, and take your ride. If you don't take such things when you can get them, they are apt to be shy when you want them again.

Don't say, "I shall be glad when that child is grown up. What quantities of trouble he makes!" No—enjoy his cunning ways—revel in his affectionate hugs and kisses—they will not be so plentiful by and by. Enjoy his childhood. It will look sweet to you when it is gone forever.

Enjoy the littles of every day. The great favors of fortune come to but few, and those who have them tell us that the quiet, homely joys that are within the reach of us all, are infinitely the best. Then let us not cast them away, but treasure every sunbeam, and get all the light and warmth from it that the blessing holds.—*Family Friend.*

Who Was the Captor?

The policeman was as large as policemen usually are; the lamb as gentle, kind and harmless as lambs usually are. They met on the lawn, and no one expected that the lamb would subdue the policeman.

This lawn was in front of a police station in the outskirts of New York City. As there is a law against lambs running about city streets, the police tied the lamb to a stake on the lawn.

One day the lamb tried to reach some vines growing on an arbor. In some way it became entangled in the rope by which it was tied, and was in danger of being strangled. A policeman was sent to free it. He got the lamb, who was greatly frightened, out of the vine. As soon as the lamb was free it began running around the policeman, winding the rope about his legs until he was thrown down.

The lamb stood over him bleating. Was it in triumph? At last the policemen in the station house discovered the plight of their fellow-officer and rescued him.

Did the lamb arrest the policeman? If he did, was he not most ungrateful?—*The Outlook.*

The Wind and the Sun.

The wind and the sun once had a dispute as to which was the stronger of the two. "Do you see that traveler plodding along the road?" said the Wind. "Let us both try our strength on him, and let the one who can first strip him of his cloak be the winner."

"Agreed," said the Sun.

The Wind began first. He blew a blast which sent the leaves flying through the air; he raised clouds of dust in the road, bent the tops of the trees to the ground, and even tore up one sturdy oak by the roots. But the traveler only drew his cloak the more tightly around his shoulders, and kept on his way.

Then the Sun began. He burst out from behind a black cloud, and little by little, darted his sultry beams upon the traveler's head and back. The man did not notice this much at first, but soon the heat was so great that he stopped to wipe the sweat from his face.

"Ah!" he said, "I cannot stand this. It is so hot that one might as well be in an oven!" Then he threw off his cloak, and carried it under his arm; and when he came to a tree by the roadside he sat down under its shade to cool himself.

After that the Wind never claimed to be stronger than the Sun. *James Baldwin.*

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

We regret that the secretary of the Wisconsin Congress, Rev. J. M. A. Spence, of Green Bay, is unable to furnish us the first installment of copy for our report of the meeting held last week and alluded to in our editorial. The proceedings were stenographically reported and the publication of the same will be begun next week and be continued until the full matter is printed. Parties wishing the full proceedings can subscribe for UNITY; or the whole in pamphlet form can be secured of the Unity Publishing Company at the rate of ten cents a copy when ordered in packages of ten or more; single copies, twenty-five cents.

TOLEDO, OHIO.—The following is a list of Rev. A. G. Jennings, Lenton pulpit topics at the Church of Our Father:
March 4—The Old Testament Prophecies concerning Jesus.
March 11—The Biographers and Biographies of Jesus.
March 18—The Birth—early Childhood and Ministry of Jesus.
March 25—The Philosophy of Jesus.
April 1—The Miracles.
April 8—Palm Sunday, the last week in Jerusalem.
April 15—Easter Sunday, the Death and Resurrection of Jesus.

"TRAINING COLLEGE FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS".—This is the title of a new institution organized at Birmingham, England, by the Non-conformists' Sunday School Union. This is tardy recognition of the high work which the Sunday School demands. Let other places go and do likewise.

THE COUNCIL OF JEWISH WOMEN is holding its annual meeting at Cleveland, Ohio, Mrs. Hannah G. Solomon, of Chicago, in the chair. Mrs. Solomon is director of the Liberal Congress and indirectly no organization is doing more to further the spirit of this Congress that this new movement among Jewish women. In her annual address she spoke of "sociology's effect on religion."

THE PEOPLE'S PULPIT.—Dr. Thomas preached last Sunday in Milwaukee, Mrs. Thomas occupying her husband's pulpit in his absence and speaking on "The Gain of Giving". Next Sunday Mrs. Thomas speaks for All Souls Church and Jenkin Lloyd Jones will speak in Pabst Theatre, Milwaukee, at 3 p. m., on "The Religion of Character".

CHICAGO.—The Rev. E. P. Goodwin, Pastor of the First Congregational Church of Chicago for the second time read his resignation before his congregation, bringing to a close his pastorate of over thirty-two years. Two years ago he undertook to lay down the task but his society refused to accept it. With the sole exception of Bishop Cheney of the Reformed Episcopal Church, Dr. Goodwin was the senior of the Chicago pulpit. Thirty-two years is a long time to hold a pulpit in Chicago and Dr. Goodwin has written himself deep and clear into the lives of thousands who have come and gone in this busy hive.

MANHATTAN, KANSAS.—The Church of Good Will is an organization in this place that has set for itself the humble task of continuing occasional liberal religious services—ten or more a year. And this is the way it goes about the work:

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This is not a Creed, but a means by which we may the better make our own Creeds and live up to them.

The signer is privileged to cross out any statement above.

"SIGN YOUR NAME".—"The Briton and the Boer" was the subject of a recent Sunday evening lecture by Rev. R. A. White of the Stewart Avenue Universalist Church, Chicago. He spoke to a crowded house. The week following his mail was a heavy one. The following clipping from the parish paper may be read with profit by others: "The pastor tries to be fair and state things as they appear to him. Being human, he is liable to err, as others. Objections and corrections are therefore always in order and welcome only sign your names, please; play fair."

CHICAGO; UNITARIAN CLUB:—The men's club which held a preliminary meeting a year ago when Secretary S. A. Eliot, of the American Unitarian Association, was the guest at an informal dinner, has now developed into a full-fledged organization with some seventy members. It is to be known as "The Unitarian Club," and like the old "Channing Club" will have very little in the way of formal organization about it. That little was decided upon at a dinner held on February 28, when Dr. E. S. Talbot (of Unity Church), Dr. C. D. Wescott (of the Third Unitarian Church) and Mr. M. D. Hull (of the First Unitarian Church) were chosen as managers of the club for the ensuing year, with power to elect a secretary and a treasurer, and to pick additional managers from among the churches at Evanston and at Hinsdale. Incidentally, the meeting gave President Eliot, of Harvard, a chance to voice his firm convictions on the need of more attention on the part of Unitarians, to the religious biasing of their children while at school. Good old Dr. Willard as chairman of the meeting told some interesting reminiscences of his early religious experience, while Mr. Lazenby, Mr. Backus, Mr. Conover and others followed up Mr. Eliot's remarks on the need of both progressive and aggressive work along the denominational lines. * * * FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH:—The young people's Religious Union is devoting its Sunday evening meetings to a study of the Old Testament periods and Mr. Fenn's able leadership is making these meetings doubly interesting and profitable. The Dramatic Club, profiting by the coaching of Prof. and Mrs. S. H. Clark, recently gave a fine performance of "The Garroters" and will render another play later in the season. * * * UNITARIAN HEADQUARTERS:—The Monday noon class conducted by Rev. W. W. Fenn, is now studying the New Testament. Both the attendance (which represents four or five of the local churches) and the interest in the sessions are steadily increasing. S.

WESTERN UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

Rev. A. W. Gould (presiding), Mr. Effinger, Miss Hintermeister, Miss Lord and Mr. Scheible were at the directors' meeting February 1. The treasurer reported donations of twenty dollars from All Souls Sunday School at Chicago, and one of five dollars from the First Unitarian Sunday School at Rochester. Mr. Scheible reported the finding prints of thirteen of the pictures around which Mr. Fenn had grouped his twenty-two lessons on the "Flowering of the Hebrew Religion" and suggested that we issue a descriptive cover to go with a series of twenty-two prints, the other nine to be picked after consultation with Mr. Fenn. On motion he was instructed to proceed as suggested.

On motion, the secretary was directed to issue a new edition of Mr. Gannett's "In the Home", to consist of a thousand copies. Mr. Scheible's suggestion that the society issue a new and illustrated card of "Rules to Make Home Pleasant" with special view to using it as an advertising sample, was not acted upon. However, the treasurer was instructed to put a small card advertising our publications in two issues of "Old and New" and of Unity. Whereupon the meeting adjourned.

ALBERT SCHEIBLE, Secretary.

FOREIGN NOTES.

HYGIENE AND MORALITY.—Following close upon the Behrend incident at Berlin University, we find in Le Signal de Geneve another little item showing quite as plainly on what a precarious foundation the morality of German youths and maidens is supposed to rest.

The Berlin branch of the International Abolitionist Federation recently organized a free course in hygiene for adolescents of both sexes, the class of youths to receive instruction from a physician of their own sex, and the young girls to be taught by a woman physician. A circular announcing the course was sent to all pastors having catechumens, and to the directors of various schools. It said in part: "Physicians and teachers agree in recognizing the necessity from the hygienic point of view as well as from the moral one, of giving to young people some elementary ideas of hygiene; the subject of sexual hygiene with the needful explanations will be treated with all desirable tact."

Whereupon the administrative board of institutions for higher instruction felt obliged to withdraw the permission previously given to use one of their buildings for this course, because, say these gentlemen, "we consider that lessons of this kind would constitute a grave danger to the morality of the young people called to follow them."

This decision is the more regrettable as a large number of pupils had registered for the course.

FRENCH PROTESTANTS AND THE HIGHER CRITICISM.—It appears that the majority of French clergymen are far in advance of their parishioners in their knowledge and acceptance of the results of the Higher Criticism. The more thoughtful recognize in this state of things a grave danger, and are considering how to meet it. A correspondent of Le Protestant (a journal of liberal Christianity published in Paris), comments as follows on its recent utterance on this subject:

Permit me, Mr. Editor, since I have my pen in hand, to say a word on a topic which you treated in your last number: The ignorance of the great body of the faithful concerning the results of modern criticism, and the necessity of making these known to the laity, not all indeed, but the most important and the most certain. There exists a very grave misunderstanding, which will lead, soon or late, if we are not careful, to a division deplorable from every point of view between 19-20 of the evangelical pastors and their flocks. The laymen are convinced that these pastors accept as they do, and as our fathers did, if not the plenary inspiration, at least the authenticity and the credibility of all the sacred books. Now this is not so, and the day when the layman shall learn that it really is not, two things will inevitably happen: they will lose confidence in their spiritual guides and their faith will be shaken.

You are quite right then in saying that to avoid this double danger the adults must be made acquainted with the achievements of science; you are right too in saying that questions of criticism should not be carried into the pulpit. I am not, however, of your opinion when you add that, in religious instruction, "they can only be slightly touched upon." Undoubtedly one cannot treat catechumens like students of theology, not more in the towns than in the villages; but I believe it is not necessary to wait till after their reception into the church to instruct and not merely to edify adults, and to tell them frankly what the Bible is and what it is not. This in order to spare them that inward conflict which we have all known. But perhaps by the expression "slightly touched upon" you meant: To give squarely the results of criticism, without going into too much detail—a question of limitation. Very well! Only let it be well agreed, that the catechumen ought never to experience any surprise or dismay when following later a more extended course. No misunderstandings, no tacit assumptions. M. E. H.

Serious Effect of Christmas Tree Demand.

Five hundred thousand symmetrical straight-limbed young trees, from three to twenty feet tall, a vast incipient forest, were chopped down to supply the Christmas trade of New York.

Of this number, seventy-two carloads, with an average of 1,500 trees to the car, came from the Adirondacks, an aggregate of 108,000 trees. Over four-fifths of the trees used, however, came by boat from Maine, New Jersey and Connecticut. The dealers are naturally jubilant over the trade they have had: "The largest business in trees and greens in their history," they say. But one among them said:

"I could not help but feel sorry at the ruthless slaughter made on our forests to give a single day's joy. The sight of so many tender, beautifully formed trees reminded me of so many youths, whose value lay only in their maturity, being mown down to gratify children under the age of reason."—*The Conservative.*

Special for Easter.

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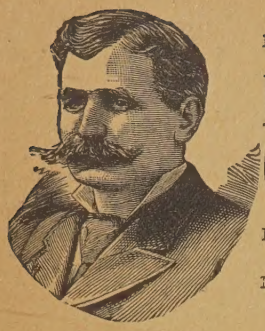
DANVILLE, ILLINOIS.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones recently visited this place and spoke in the Opera House on Sunday evening in connection with the mission movement of Rev. E. E. Carr. An audience of between three and four hundred were present and much interest was manifested. The very hopefulness of the situation is its missionary perplexity. A large number of unchurched or malchurched people, ready to listen, anxious to know, but lacking vision as to the next thing to do or having vision lacking courage to do it. There must be a period of recovery and reconstruction reckoned upon between the time of the old disintegration and the new integration. Danville is ready for seed sowing but hardly ripe for a harvest in the way of definite organization or tangible generosity and support. Perhaps, indeed, this will never come in the way of one more church organization in a town where there are too many already. In connection with this mission work in the Opera House, Mr. Carr is busy at work maturing his program for the Danville Chautauqua which is increasingly successful. Next summer, for a period of two or more weeks Danville will be a kindling center of intellectual and spiritual life. People will gather by the thousands during which time they will receive many impulses for good and a new appetite for literature and science will be created. It is planned during this Chautauqua to give room for a Congress of Religion, and Rev. G. R. Pike, the secretary for local congresses is co-operating with Mr. Carr in making it a significant meeting.

Two Little Girls.

The lazy little girl that shivers all day
In the sultry house at her listless play,
With a dreadful pain in her head,
She never, never knows how nice and warm
Is the rosy little girl, that, out in the storm,
Goes skipping about with her sled.

—*Philadelphia Times.*



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